

THE

DUBLIN Magazine:

Or, the

Gentleman's new Miscellany.

CONTAINING

Several pieces of Wit and Humour never printed before, together, with the most Select and entertaining Poems, &c. that have been publish'd for some Years past, V I Z.

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|--|--|
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D U B L I N :

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The



PALLAS and VENUS reconcil'd.

A

P O E M.

IN ancient Days (as Authors speak,
 Who spoil young Master's Eyes with *Greek*)
 In *Heav'n* a dire Dissention rose,
 And *Wisdom's* Queen and *Love's* were Foes;
 Small was the Cause, tho' fierce their Hate,
 And Time but widen'd the Debate;
 Which shews that sometimes in the Skies,
 Great Wars from small Beginnings rise.
 With *Earth's* gay Toast, and *Heav'n's* bright Dame,
 The Source of Hatred's much the Same!

The Queen of Charms was fond of Dress,
 And PALLAS minded nothing less;
 From whence Remarks were often thrown,
 On t'other's Manner, and her own:
 Then, to examine ev'ry Feature;
 And ——— well! she's such an unhewn Creature!
 All her fine Wisdom can't descry,
 When her own *Manteau's* pinn'd awry!

THERE lurk'd about MINERVA's Heart
 A little Spleen; but hid with Art;
 Which sometimes led her to appear,
 Tho' not morose, yet too severe,
 Her Topick was the Marriage Life;
 She talk'd of Duties in a Wife;
 And often vow'd, 'twas wond'rous Pity
 Virtue shou'd e're forsake the Pritty:
 Well! surely VENUS has a Face,
 Gives ev'ry thing she says a Grace;
 The finest Shape; the prettiest Airs;
 And the whole Art of laying Snares:
 Lord! don't you wonder all her Charms
 Ha'n't won APOLLO to her Arms? ———
 But Beauty's made for Fools to prize,
 Below the Notice of the Wise,
 Who never yet the Worth could find
 Of a fine Face, without a Mind.



REPROACH is ever apt to spread,
 So **VENUS** soon heard all was said ;
 And, tho' she scorn'd her Rival's Spight,
 Vow'd that Revenge shou'd do her Right,
 She valu'd not her sage Remarks,
 About her Conduct or her Sparks ;
 But such a Censure, so severe
 On Beauty——That she cou'd not bear :
 She'd have a pretty Time indeed,
 If such odd Notions shou'd succeed ;
 Her Altars were not worth her Care,
 If none but Fools were offer'd there.

RESOLV'D her Vengeance to fulfill,
 To work she summon'd all her Skill ;
 Then rose impatient to pursue,
 The Project which she had in View,
 And faithful to the great Design,
 Her *Doves* obey'd the *Rein* Divine.

THERE is, as learned Bards maintain,
 A narrow Street they call *Back-Lane*,
 There is——a fretful Critick cries,
 Haste and impatience in his Eyes :
 There is——for Pity's sake go on ;
 Will your dull **TALK** be never done ?

The Time——the Place——it's all agreed——
What then?——why! then Sir I proceed.

'Twas here the Queen of Love survey'd,
New to the Light, an infant Maid,
Already bless'd by Nature's Care
With Charms sufficient, and to spare.
Elate with Hope the Goddess smil'd,
Then tenderly embrac'd the Child,
And breathing thrice an Air divine,
Gave ev'ry latent Grace to shine.
Hence the soft Moisture that supplies,
The melting Languish to her Eyes;
The Smiles that ever dimpling move,
And Lips that wear the Hue of Love.
The faultless Harmony of Form;
The Bloom, that heightens ev'ry Charm;
And all the soft engaging Arts;
That Beauty taught to vanquish Hearts.
And——KITTY! Thou unblemish'd Fair!
'Tis thine, my Empire to declare,
The Force of Beauty to maintain,
And give to ev'ry Heart a Chain.
For thee, the Old shall know desire,
For thee, the tender Beau expire;
And Wit and Wisdom shall agree
To leave their Books, and Sigh for Thee.

Thou

Thou like the KITTY, sung by PRIOR,
 Shall set the willing World on Fire;
 And PALLAS own, with Rage and Shame,
 Her Pow'r too weak to quench the Flame.

SHE said——Joy sparkl'd in her Eyes,
 And back she hasten'd to the Skies.

PALLAS, who guess'd at her intent,
 Observ'd the Goddess as she went.
 She found her Project out, and smil'd
 To think, how soon it might be spoil'd.
 'Twas but to mix her with the Loud,
 The shameless, vain, unthinking Crowd,
 Who hang out a fine worthless Face,
 The Sign of ev'ry Publick Place:
 'Twas but to quench her Thirst of Fame,
 All VENUS' Skill had mis'd it's Aim;
 And Charms might then have only been,
 The Means of making Folly seen.

BUT PALLAS chose a nobler Part,
 Wisdom disdains each little Art;
 Knows it's own Strength, and scorns to use
 That Aid, which Virtue wou'd refuse.
 She wou'd not suffer her to Stray
 Where ill Examples point the Way,

But

But timely planted in her Mind,
 The Ornaments of Woman-kind:
 The winning Air, the modest Grace,
 And Virtue blooming through the Face:
 The Temper prudently sincere,
 Not over-free, nor too severe:
 The Elegance and Ease of Wit,
 With Judgment how to manage it;
 Of Honour the exalted Sense,
 And sprightly artless Innocence.
 And thou, thrice happy Maid, she cries,
 Superior to the World shalt rise:
 'Tis thine, the virtuous Heart to move,
 And kindle Wisdom into Love;
 Love so well grounded it shall seem,
 But the Excess of just Esteem.
 That pleasing Form, that faultless Face,
 Shall only hold the second Place;
 And VENUS shall be taught to own,
 That all the Charms, her Hand has sown,
 Boast not a Lustre so refin'd,
 As the least Beauty of your Mind.

TIME, that makes Virtue shine more bright,
 Brought KITTY's Merit soon to Light:
 Finish'd in ev'ry Grace she shone,
 Our Sexes Wonder, and her Own:

And

And taught the coldest Hearts to warm,
Won by her Virtue, or her Form.

THE Rival Goddesses survey'd
With anxious Joy the rising Maid ;
And sometimes new Debates were press'd,
About the Talents she possess'd,
Each boasting what to each she ow'd,
And praising, what herself bestow'd.

Jove listend to them both a while,
Then told them, with an easy Smile ;
This single Instance serves to shew,
Your Blessings shou'd together go.
The Fair, whose only Merit lies
In a fine Out-side, Men despise :
And Wisdom wears an awkward Dress,
That suits but ill with Ugliness :
Tis Beauty, that gives Virtue Grace,
And Virtue brightens the fair Face :
If, as in her, they both conspire,
All see their Lustre, and admire.
Then, Daughters ! leave your private Ends,
And Act like Goddesses and Friends.
Your Pow'r, your Union will compleat,
And Millions round your Altars wait.
When Love and Wisdom learn to stand,
Join'd, as they should be, Hand in Hand.



THE
LADY'S *Dressing-Room.*

A
POEM.

FIVE Hours, and who can do it less in?
By haughty *Cælia* spent in Dressing;
The Goddess from her Chamber issues
Array'd in Lace, Brocade and Tissues,

Strepson, who found the Room was void,
And *Betty* otherwise employ'd,
Stole in, and took a strict Survey
Of all the Litter, as it lay,
Whereof to make the Matter clear]
An Inventory follows here : }

And first a dirty Smock appear'd,
Beneath the Armpits well besmear'd,
Strepson the Rogue display'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on ev'ry side,

On such a Point, few Words are best,
 And *Strephon* bids us guess the rest,
 And swears how damnably the Men lye,
 In calling *Calla* sweet and cleanly;

Now listen while he next produces,
 The various Combs for various Uses,
 Fill'd up with Dirt so closely fixt,
 No Brush cou'd force a Way betwixt.
 A Paste of Composition rare,
 Sweat, Dandriff, Powder, Lead and Hair;
 A Forehead Cloath with Oyl upon't,
 To smoothe the Wrinkles on her Front,
 Here Allum Flower to stop the Streams,
 Exhal'd from four unfavoury Streams,
 There Night Gloves made of *Tripsey's* Hide,
 The Birch bequeath'd her when she dy'd,
 With Puppy Water, Beauties help,
 Distill'd from *Tripsey's* darling Whelp.
 Here Gally-pots and Vials plac'd,
 Some fill'd with Washes, some with Paste,
 Some with Pomatums, Paints and Slops,
 And Ointments good for scabby Chops.
 Hard by a filthy Bason stands,
 Foul'd with the scow'ring of her Hands;
 The Bason takes whatever comes,
 The scraping from her Teeth and Gums,
 A nasty Compound of all Hues,
 For here she Spits, and there she Spues,

But

But O! it turn'd poor *Strephon's* Bowels,
 When he beheld and smelt the Towels,
 Begumm'd, bematter'd and beslim'd,
 With Dirt, and Sweat, and Ear-wax grim'd.
 No Object *Strephon's* Eye escapes;
 Here Pettycoats in frowzy Heaps,
 Nor be the Handkerchiefs forgot,
 All varnish'd o're with Snuff and Snot,
 The Stockings why should I expose,
 Stain'd with the Marks of stinking Toes,
 Or greasy Coifs and Pinnets reeking,
 Which *Calia* slept almost a Week in.
 A pair of Tweezers next he found,
 To pluck her Brows in Arches round,
 Or Hairs that sink the Forehead low,
 Or on her Chin like Bristles grow.
 The virtues we must not let pass
 Of *Calia's* magnifying Glass,
 When frighted *Strephon* cast his Eye on't,
 It shew'd the Visage of a Gyant,
 A Glass that can to Sight disclose,
 The smallest Worm in *Calia's* Nose,
 And faithfully direct her Nail,
 To squeeze it out from Head to Tail,
 For catch it nicely by the Head,
 It must come out alive or dead.

Why *Strephon* will you tell the rest,
 And must you needs describe the Chest, That

That careless Wench ! no Creature warn her,
To move it out from yonder Corner.

But leave it standing full in Sight,

For you to exercise your Spight ;

In vain the Workman shew'd his Wit,

With Rings and Hinges counterfeit,

To make it seem in this Disguise,

A Cabinet to vulgar Eyes,

Which *Strephon* ventur'd to look in,

Resolv'd to go thro' thick and thin,

He lifts the Lid, there needs no more,

He smelt it all the Time before.

As from within *Pandora's* Box,

When *Epimetheus* op'd the Locks,

A sudden universal Crew,

Of human Evils upwards flew,

He still was comforted to find,

That Hope at last remain'd behind :

So *Strephon* lifting up the Lid,

To view what in the Chest was hid,

The Vapours flew from up the Vent,

But *Strephon* cautious never meant

The bottom of the Pan to grope,

And foul his Hands in Search of Hope.

O never may such vile Machine

Be once in *Calia's* Chamber seen,

O may she better learn to keep,

Those Secrets of the hoary Deep,

As Mutton Cutletts, prime of Meat,
 Which tho' with Art you salt and beat,
 As Laws of Cookery require,
 And toast them at the clearest Fire ;
 If from a-down the hopeful Chops,
 The Fat upon a Cinder drops,
 To stinking Smoke it turns the Flame,
 Pois'ning the Flesh from whence it came,
 And up exhales a greater Stench,
 For which you curse the careless Wench ;
 So things which must not be express.
 When drop'd into the reeking Chest,
 Send up an excremental Smell,
 To taint the Part from whence they fell,
 The Pettycoats and Gown perfume,
 Which waft a Stink round ev'ry Room.
 Thus finishing his grand Survey,
 Disgusted *Strephon* slunk away,
 Repeating in his Amorous Fits,
 Oh ! *Calia, Calia, Calia S——s.*

Bnt Vengeance, Goddess, never sleeping,
 Soon punish'd *Strephon* for his peeping.
 His foul Imagination thinks
 Each Dame he sees, with all her Stinks,
 And if unsavoury Odours fly,
 Conceives a Lady standing by.

All

All Women his Description fits,
 And both Ideas jump like Wits,
 By vicious Fancy coupled fast,
 And still appearing in Contrast,
 I pity wretched *Strephon*, blind
 To all the Charms of Female Kind.

Should I the Queen of Love refuse,
 Because she rose from stinking Ooze?
 To him that looks behind the Scene,
Statira's but some pocky Quean,
 When *Calia* in her Glory shews,
 If *Strephon* would but stop his Nose,
 Who now so impiously blasphemes,
 Her Ointments, Daubs, and Paints, and Creams;
 Her Washes, Slops, and ev'ry Clout,
 With which he makes so foul a Rout,
 He soon would learn to think like me,
 And bless his ravish'd sight to see
 Such Order from Confusion sprung,
 Such gaudy Tulips rais'd from Dung.

A N



T H E

Gentleman's *Study* ;

In ANSWER to the

Lady's *Dressing-Room*.

SOME write of Angels, some of Goddeses,
 But I of dirty human BODIES,
 And lowly I employ my Pen,
 To write of naught, but odious M E N.
 And Man, I think, without a Jest,
 More nasty, than the nastiest Beast.

In House of Office, when they're bare,
 And have not Paper then to spare,
 Their Hands they'll take, half clean their Bottom,
 And daub the Wall, O may ——— rot 'em !
 And in a Minute, with a T——d,
 They'll draw them out a Beast, or Bird,

And

And write there without Ink or Pen,
 When Fingers dry, there's A——se again;
 But now high time to tell my Story,
 And 'tis not much to all Men's Glory.

A Milliner, one Mrs. South,
 I had the Words from her own Mouth,
 That had a Bill, which was long owing,
 By *Strephon*, for Cloth, Lace and Sowing;
 And on a Day, to's Lodging goes,
 In hopes of Payment for the Clothes,
 And meeting there, and 'twas by Chance,
 His Valet *Tom*, her old Acquaintance,
 Who with an odd, but friendly Grin,
 Told her his Master's not within;
 But bid her, if she pleas'd, to stay,
 He'd treat her with a Pot of Tea;
 So brought her to the Study, while
 He'd go and make the Kettle boyl.

She sat her down upon the Chair,
 For that was all that then was there,
 And turn'd her Eyes on every Side,
 Where strange Confusion she espy'd.

There on a Block a Wig was set,
 Whose Inside did so stink with Sweat;

The Outside oyl'd with Jessamin,
T' disguise the Stench that was within.

And next a Shirt, with Gufflets red,
Which *Strephon* slept in, when in Bed;
But Modesty forbids the rest,
It shan't be spoke, but may be guess'd:
A Napkin worn on a Head,
Enough Infection to have bred.

For there some Stocks lay on the Ground,
One Side was yellow, t'other brown;
And Velvet Britches (on her Word)
The Inside all bedaub'd with T——d,
And just before, I'll not desist,
To let you know they were be-piss'd;
Four different Stinks lay there together,
Which were, Sweat, Turd, and Piss, and Leather.

There in a Heap lay nasty Socks,
Here tangl'd Stockings with Silver Clocks,
And Towels stiff with Soap and Hair,
Of stinking Shoes there lay a Pair:
A Night-Gown with Gold, rich brocaded,
About the Neck was sadly faded.

A Close-stool helpt to make the Fume,
Tobacco-spits about the Room;

With

With Flegm and Vomit on the Walls,
 Here Powder, Dirt, Combs, and Wash-balls;
 Oil-bottles, Paper, Pens and Wax,
 Dice, Pamphlets, and of Cards some Packs;
 Pig-tail and Snuff, and dirty Gloves,
 Some plain, some fring'd, which most he loves:
 A curling-Iron stands upright,
 False Locks and Oil lay down close by't;
 A drabbed Cloak hung on a Pin,
 And Bason furr'd with Piss within:
 Of Pipes a Heap, some whole, some broke,
 Some Cut and Dry for him to smoke;
 And Papers that his A——se has clean'd,
 And Handkerchiefs with Snuff all stain'd.
 The Sight and Smells did make her sick,
 She did not come to herself for a Week.

A Coat that lay upon the Table,
 To reach so far she scarce was able;
 But drew it to her, resolv'd to try
 What's in the Pockets, by and by.

The first Things that present her View,
 Were Dunning-Letters, not a few;
 And then the next did make her wonder,
 To-see of Tavern-bills such Number,
 And a fine Snuff-box there lay hid,
 With bawdy Picture in the Lid,

And

And as she touch'd it, by the Mass,
It turn'd, and show'd a Looking-Glass.

The rest she found, since I'm a telling,
Advertisements of Land he's selling;
A Syringe and some dirty Papers,
A Bawdy-house Screw, with Box of Wafers.

Then all the Shelves she search'd around,
Where not one Book was to be found;
But Gally-pots all in a Row,
And glisening Vials, a fine show!

What one Pot held she thinks was this,
Diaclom magnum cum gummis,
And spread there was with Art *secundum,*
Unguentum neopolitanum;
Pots of Pomatum, *Panacea,*
Injections for a *Gonorhea,*
Of empty Ones there was a score,
Of newly fill'd as many more.
In plenty too stood Box of Pills,
Nor did there lack for Chirurgeons Bills,
Nor nasty Rags all stiff with Matter,
Nor Bottle of Mercurial Water;
The use of which he does determine
To cure his Itch, and kill his Vermine:

Oh,

Oh, Heaven! says she, what Creature's Man?
All stink without! and worse within!

With that she rose and went away,
For there she could no longer stay;
And scarce she got in the Bed Chamber,
And thought herself there out of Danger,
But quick she heard with both her Ears,
Strephon came swearing up the Stairs:
She swiftly crept behind the Screen,
In order not for to be seen.

Then in come *Strephon*, lovely Sight!
Who had not slept a wink all Night,
He staggers in, he swears, he blows,
With Eyes like Fire, and snotty Nose;
A mixture glaz'd his Cheeks and Chin,
Of Claret, Snuff, and odious Flegm;
And Servant with him to undress him,
And loving *Strephon* so caress'd him;
Come hither, *Tom*, and Kiss your Master,
Oons to my Groin, come put a Plaister.

' *Tom* dext'rously his Part he play'd,
To touch his *BUBO*'s not afraid,
Nor need he then to hesitate,
But strew'd on the *Precipitate*;

Then, in a Moment, all the Room,
 Did with the smell of Ulcer fume,
 And would have lasted very long,
 Had not four Belches smelt as strong,
 Which from her Nose did soon depart,
 When overcome with stink of Fart,
 And after, then came thick upon it,
 The odious, nauseous one of VOMIT,
 That pour'd out from Mouth and Nose,
 Both on his Bed, and Floor, and Clothes;
 Nor was it lessen'd e'er a-bit,
 Nor overcome by stink of S——t,
 Which in the Pot, and round about
 The Brim, and Sides, he squirted out;
 But when poor Tom pull'd off his Shoes,
 There was a greater stink of Toes,
 And sure, a nasty loathsome smell
 Must come from Feet as black as Hell.
 Then tofs'd in Bed, Tom left his Honour,
 And went to call up Peggy Connor,
 To empty th' Pot, and mop the Room,
 To bring up Ashes, and a Broom,
 And after that, most pleasantly,
 To keep his Master Company:
 The Pris'ner now being suffocated,
 And Law the Door was wide dilated

She thought high Time to part away,
 For it was Ten o'Clock fth' Day,
 And e'er that she got out of Doors,
 He Turns, Farts, Hiccups, Groans and Snores.

Ladies, you'll think 'tis admirable,
 That this to all Men's applicable;
 And tho' they Dress in Silk and Gold,
 Cou'd you their Insides but behold,
 There you, Fraud, Lies, Deceit wou'd see,
 And Pride, and base Impiety;
 So let them Dress the best they can;
 They still are fulsome, wretched MAN.



CHLOE

CHLOE *Surpriz'd*:

OR,

The Second PART of the
LADY'S Dressing-Room.

A

TALE.

ONE Morning as *Chloe* the Prude lay a-Bed,
Her Lilly white Hand a Support to her Head,
Her Thoughts as they're wont had began then to stray,
On the Slaves she had got, and the Dress of the Day,
• Well surely (she cry'd) let them say what they will,
• Not a Nymph of the Town half so surely can kill,
• There's *Brazen* and *Shallow*, and *Dandy* the Beau,
With many so deck'd, as if made for a Show,

Who

Who dangle and follow, and whine and adore,
 And low at my Feet for Compassion implore ;
 Nay, *Gaudy* himself too, forgetting his Lace,
 Stares all the Night at me, and gapes in my Face,
 What Maiden so silly, to give up her Sway,
 And turn like my Sister, a Slave and obey,
 To grieve at the jealous Reproach of a Fool,
 And hear the dull S o r still prescribing a Rule,
 No thanks to my S T A R S, I'll for ever be free,
 No Coxcomb shall have a Dominion o'er me,
 On the Men I'll Revenge all the Wrongs of my S E X,
 And my Wit, and my Beauty for ever shall vex.

She said, and then hasted to rise from her Bed,
 (Resolv'd on new Mischiefs conceiv'd in her Head)
 When old Father T I M E, from a Shelf by her side,
 In form of her Watch, to the Charmer-reply'd ;

' O *Chloe* unthinking ! and fickle as fair ;
 ' Say, why did I give you that Shape and that Air ?
 ' Or why did I cover that Bosom with Snow ;
 ' Or why on those Cheeks, bid the Roses to glow ?
 ' Why made I each Look, and each Feature Divine ?
 ' Why made I those Eyes with such Lustre to shine ?
 ' And was it for nought that I fix'd upon you,
 ' And gave you the Charms of a Million or two ?

E

No

‘ No CHLOE ——— believe me, those Charms
 ‘ you possess,

‘ For somewhat were meant ; what that is, you may
 ‘ guess :

‘ ‘Tis the Spight of the Devil to teize and to vex,
 ‘ But Beauty should bless Men, as well as perplex.

‘ O! Charmer beware how you trifle with Time,
 ‘ The Blossoms are fair, but how short is their Prime?
 ‘ I visit, ’tis true, both the Young and the Gay,
 ‘ But CHLOE I only just come and away,
 ‘ And if unenjoy’d I once pass by their Door,
 ‘ I ever am gone, and will never come more.

‘ Then CHLOE, my CHLOE, be kind I advise,
 ‘ And learn how thy Youth and thy Beauty to Prize,
 ‘ Lest when I am gone, and thy Threshold’s forlorn,
 ‘ The Swains whom you flighted, may Laugh you to
 ‘ Scorn ;

‘ And tread out that Snuff of a Torch with their Feet,
 ‘ Which lately so blaz’d, and so glar’d in the Street.

He scarcely had finish’d these Words, when away
 He vanish’d, and musing left CHLOE the gay.

But what an Effect it may have on the Fair,
 Or whether she’ll now be more kind, or severe ;
 No Mortal can guess——this I know, and no more,
 That still she is witty and fair, as before.

T H O U G H T S



THOUGHTS upon Reading the LADY'S DRESSING ROOM and the GENTLEMAN'S STUDY; the former wrote by D---n S---t, the latter by Miss W-----.

I Prithee, good Folks, who have heard all the Satire,

Attend, till I give you my Thoughts of the Matter;
I find all the Knowledge we have by what's writ,
Is, that both Male and Female swear, stink, fart, and
sh-----.

But surely the Authors, as every one thinks,
Are the stinkingest Couple, where every one stinks;
Then quickly, in order to avoid all Confusion,
From what we have granted, I shall draw this Conclusion;

We may easily see, by the Spleen of what's said,
'That he's an old Batchelor, she an old Maid;
Then wed them together, join her Shift to his Shirt,
And let 'em contend to excell most in Dirt.

AN EPIGRAM upon the LADY'S
Dressing-Room.

What, the D—— look in Clofestoole instead of the
Bible !

And write on poor CÆLIA fo dirty a Libel ;
How well muſt he preach the Word of the Lord,
Whoſe Texts are a Shift, ſtinking Toes, and a T—d ?



On a certain

GENTLEMAN

Who loſing his *Money* at Cards,
had his PICTURE drawn by a
LADY ſtanding by.

TO fair pretty BETTY, DAN ſat for his Picture,
And deſy'd her to draw him, ſo oft that he
picqu'd her ;
He knew ſhe'd no Pencil or colouring by her,
And therefore he thought he might ſafely deſy her.
Come ſir, ſays fair BETTY, then whips up her Scizar,
And cuts out his Coxcomb in Silk, in a thrice Sir ;

DAN

DAN sat with Attention, and saw with Surprise,
How she lengthen'd his Chin, how she hollow'd his
Eyes;

But flatter'd himself with a secret Conceit,
That his Lanthorn Jaws all her Art cou'd defeat;
Fair BETTY observ'd it, then pulls out a Pin,
And varies the Stuff of the Grain to his Grin;
And to make roasted Silk to resemble his Raw-bone,
She rais'd up a Thread to the jett of his Jaw-bone;
'Till at length in exactest Proportion he rose,
From the Crown of his Head, to the Arch of his Nose,
And if pretty BETTY had drawn him with Wig and all,
'Tis certain the Copy had out done the Original.

AN EPIGRAM on the same.

DAN's evil Genius in a thrice,
Had stript him of his Coin at Dice;
CHLOE observing his Disgrace,
On PAM cut out his rueful Face;
By G——d says DAN, 'tis very hard,
Cut out at Dice, cut out at Card.





The following Epitaph is on a Tomb-
Stone at Edmonton.

HIC jacet Osteler Will,
Qui moriebatur cum Chocla Pil.
Quis administravit? Bellamy Sue;
Quantum? nescio; scisne tu?

In plain English thus.

HERE underneath lies Osteler *Will*,
Who died by taking *Chocla Pil*.
Who gave it to him? *Bellamy Sue*;
How much; I cannot tell; can you?

Another.

HI tres in uno tumulo tumulantur in uno,
Brigida, Patricius, atque Columba pia.

Thus english'd by the Parish Priest.

AT * *Downpatrick* in one Tomb do lie,
Bridget, Patrick, and a Pigeon-Pye

* *In Ireland.*

T H E



T H E

Natural History

O F

ARBOR VITÆ, &c.

THE *Tree of Life* is a *Succulent Plant*, consisting of one only straight Stem, on the Top of which is a *Pistillum* or *Apez*, tho' at some times *Glandiform*, and resembling a *May-Cherry*; tho' at others more like the Nut of the *Avelana* or *Fillbert-Tree*.

Its Fruits, contrary to most others, grow near the Root; they are usually no more than two in Number, their Bigness somewhat exceeding that of an ordinary Nutmeg; both contain'd in one strong *Siliqua*, or *Purse*, which together with the whole Root of the Plant is commonly thick set with numerous *Fibrillæ*, or capillary Tendrils.

The

The Tree is of slow Growth, and requires Time to bring it to Perfection, rarely seeding to any purpose before the fifteenth Year ; when the Fruit's coming to good Maturity, yield a viscous Juice or balmy Succus, which being from time to time discharg'd at the *Pistillum*, is mostly bestow'd upon the open *Calix*'s of the *Frutex Vulvaria* or Flowering Shrub, usually spreading under the Shade of this Tree, and whose Parts are, by a wonderful Meehanism adapted to receive it.

The ingenious Mr. *Richard Bradley* is of Opinion, the *Frutex* is hereby impregnated, and then first begins to bear ; he therefore accounts this *Succus* the *Farina Fecundans* of the Plant : And the learned *Leonhard Fuchs*, in his *Historia stirpium insigniorum* observes the greatest Swmpathy between this Tree and Shrub ; they are, says he of the same Genus, and do best in the same Bed : The *Vulvaria* it self, being indeed no other than a Female *Arbor Vita*.

It is produced in most Countries, tho' it Thrives in some more than others, where it also increases to a large Size ; the Height here in *England* rarely passes Nine, or, at the most eleven Inches, and that chiefly in *Kent* ; whereas in *Ireland* it comes to far greater Dimensions, is so good, that many of the Natives entirely subsist upon it ; and when transplanted, have been sometimes known to raise good Houses, with single Plants of this Sort.

As

As the *Irish* Soil is accounted the best, others are as remarkably bad for its Cultivation, and the least and worst in the World are said to be about *Harborough*, and the Forreſt of *Sherwood*.

The Stem ſeems to be of the *ſenſitive Tribe* tho' herein differing from the more common *Senſitive*, that whereas they are known to ſhrink and retire from even the gentleſt Touch of a Lady's Hand, this riſes on the contrary, and extends itſelf, when it is ſo handled.

In Winter it is not ſo eaſy to raiſe theſe Trees without a hot Bed, but in warmer Weather they ſtand well in the open Air.

In the latter Season they are ſubject to become weak and flaccid, and want Support; for which Purpoſe, ſome Gardeners have thought of ſplintering them up with *Birchin Twigs*, which has ſeem'd of ſome Service for the preſent, tho' the Plants have very ſoon come to the ſame, or a more drooping State than before.

The late ingenious Mr. *Motteux* thought of reſtoring a fine Plant, he had in this Condition, by tying it up with a *Tomex*, or Cord made of the Bark of the *Vitex*, or *Hempen Tree*: But whether he made the Ligature too ſtreight, or that the Nature of the *Vitex* is really in itſelf pernicious; he quite kill'd his Plant thereby; which

makes this universally condemn'd as a dangerous Experiment.

Some *Virtuosi* have thought of improving their Trees for some Purposes, by taking off the *Nutmegs*, which is however a bad way; they never seed after, and are good for little more than making Whistles of, which are imported every Year from *Italy*, and sell indeed at a good Price.

Some other curious Gentlemen have endeavour'd to inoculate their Plants on the Stock of the *Medlar*, and that with a Mixture of *human Ordure*, but this has never been approv'd, and I have known some Trees brought to a very ill End by such Management.

The natural Soil is certainly the best for their Propagation, and that is in hollow Places, that are warm and near Salt Water, best known by their producing the same Sort of *Tendrils* as are observed about the Roots of the *Arbor* itself. Some Cautions, however, are very necessary, especially to young *Botanists*; and first, to be very diligent in keeping their Trees clean and neat, a pernicious Sort of Insect, not unlike a *Morpione* or *Cimex*, being very subject to breed amongst the *Fibrille*, which, if not taken heed of, and timely destroy'd, proves often of very dangerous Consequence.

Another Caution, no less useful, we have from the excellent and judicious Botanist, Mr. *Humphry Bowey*, to beware of a poisonous Species of *Vulvaria*, too often mistaken for the wholesome one, and which, if suffer'd too near our Trees, will very greatly endanger their well-being. He tells us in the 12th Volume of his large Abridgment of *la Quintinye*, that before he had acquired his present Judgment and Experience, some of his Plants have often been Sufferers thro' this Mistake, and he has seen a tall thriving Tree by the Contract only of this venomous Shrub, become *porose*, *scabiose*, and cover'd with *fungous Excrescences* not unlike the Fruits of the *Ficus Sylvestris*; in which Case the *Succus* also has lost both its Colour and Virtue; and the Tree it self has so much partaken of the Nature of the venomous Shrub that had hurt it, that itself has become venomous, and spread the Poison throughout the whole Plantation.

These Distempers of a Tree of the greatest Use and Value, have employ'd the Labours of the most eminent Botanists and Gardeners to seek out Remedies for them, in which, however, none have succeeded like the celebrated Dr. *Misauhin* who from his profound Knowledge in Botany, has compos'd a most elaborate Work upon all Things that can happen, both to the *Arbor Vita* and *Vulvaria* also: There he has taught a certain Cure for all these Evils, and, what is most wonderful, has even
found

found out a Way of making the most venomous *Vulvaria* itself wholesome, which he practises daily, to the Satisfaction of all that apply to him.

These venomous *Vulvaria*; are but too common in most Gardens about *London*; there are many in *Saint James's Park*; and more in the celebrated Gardens at *Vaux Hall* over the Water.

The Names and Virtues.

Besides the common Name of *Arbor Vita*, a very learned Philosopher and great Divine would have it call'd, *Arbor Scientia boni & mali*, believing, upon very good Grounds, this is the Tree which grew in the Middle of the Garden of E——, and whose Fruits were so alluring to our first Mother. Others would have it called the *Mandrake of Leab*, persuaded it is the same whose Juice made the before barren *Rachel*, a joyful Mother of Children.

The learned *Madam D'Acier* in her Notes upon *Hommer*, contends it should be called *Nepenthes*.

She gives many Reasons why it certainly is that very Plant, whose Fruits the *Egyptian Queen* recommended to *Helen*, as a certain Cure for Pain and Grief of all Sorts, and which she ever kept by her as her most

precious Jewel, and made use of as a *Panacea* upon all Occasions.

The great Doctor *Bentley* calls it more than once *Malvæ Herculis*, having prov'd out of the Fragments of a *Greek* Poet, that of this Tree was made that Club with which the Hero is said to have overcome the Fifty wild Daughters of *Thespius*, but which Queen *Omphale* afterwards reduced to a Distaff. Others have thought the celebrated *Hesperian* Trees were of this Sort; and the very Name of *Poma Veneris* frequently given by Authors to the Fruits of this Tree, is a sufficient Proof these were really the Apples, for which three Goddesses contended in so warm a Manner, and to which the Queen of Beauty had undoubtedly the strongest Title.

The Virtues are so many, a large Volume might be wrote of them; the Juice taken inwardly cures the Green Sickness, and other Infirmities of the like Sort, and is a true Specifick in most Disorders of the Fair Sex: It indeed causes Tumours in the Umbilical Region; but even those being really of no ill Consequence, disperse of themselves in a few Months.

It cheers the Heart, and exhilarates the Mind, quiets Jars, Feuds and Discontents, making the most chur-

lish Tempers surprizingly kind and loving; nor have private Personss only been the better for this reconciling Virtue, but whole States and Kingdoms; nay, the greatest Empires in the World have often receiv'd the Benefit of it; the most destructive Wars have been ended, and the most friendly Treaties been produced, by a right Application of this universal Medicine, among the chief of the contending Parties.

If any Person is desirous to see this excellent and wonderful Plant, in good Perfection, may meet with it at the aforementioned Mr. *Bowen's* Garden, at *Lambeth*, who calls it the *Silver Spoon Tree*, and is at all Times ready to oblige his Friends with the Sight of it.



THE



THE
CHARACTER
OF
Cardinal *Hilari*,

Who underwent the common
Fate of all Men the 4th of Oct.
Aged about 54 Years.

*Mutato nomine de te
Fabula Narretur.*

HE was a Man of rare Abilities, of which some
said that God had given him the Use, but the
Devil the Application; as the Lord Digby once said
of the Earl of Strafford.

His

His darling Vice was *Ambition*, or an immoderate thirst after Power; to which he willingly Sacrificed Wealth, Pleasure and Conscience.

He was remarkably Courteous, Affable, and Pleasant in all his Conversation; thereby to ingratiate himself with all sorts of Men. And with this View he often convers'd with those of the meaner Rank, with whom a Man of his Figure wou'd not otherwise willingly keep Company.

Wherever he fixed his Abode, he immediately began to form a Party; and by cunning Insinuations to make himself the Leader or Conductor of them. His Pretence was only Hospitality and good Neighbourhood, by which many Fools were caught. But others saw farther into his Design, and withdrew from him. However, by Art, and Management he made a Shift to keep up a strong Party, until near the Time of his Death.

He always pretended to have the Publick Good in his View; but his real Aim was only to exalt himself.

However contemptible any Man in himself might be, or whatever Religion he was of; yet if he came heartily into his Party, he would be sure to carrels him, and
would

would easily pardon some small Excursions. But whatever a Man's personal Merit might be, if he refus'd to be guided by him, he would Endeavour to Distress him, and do him all the ill Offices he could.

He constantly kept an open Table, and us'd to smile upon all that came to it. But in the middle of all this Pleasantry, he carefully observ'd every Mans Words and Actions.

When he was bent upon gaining a Point, he made no scruple of the grossest Misrepresentations, assuring himself that the Confidence of his Assertions would make a strong Impression upon the Minds of Many. And if he were confuted, he always brought himself off with a Joke: Like the *Adultrous Woman who wipeth her Mouth and saith, I have done no Wickedness.* Proverbs 30, 20.

He never was a real Friend to any Man, nor had any sense of Gratitude to his greatest Benefactors; from whom he always withdrew himself as soon as he found that they would no longer concur in serving his Ambition.

He

He was very forward in thrusting himself into all publick Affairs, altho' they were not within his Spheres and became so Vain as to fancy that the Government could not manage them without his Concurrence and Assistance, but the more he came to be known, the less he was valued by Men of Sense and honesty.

He used to be employ'd by some great Men in what is call'd their *Dirty Work*; particularly in making a Party whither right or wrong, at which he was very Dextrous.

And by this he so ingratiated himself, as to get himself recommended to the Dignity of a Cardinal.

He had entertain'd Hopes of the Arch-bishoprick of *Reims*, and even of the Papacy it self; but the Pope and the Archbishop were both healthy and out-lived him.

In publick Assemblies he affected to make long Speeches, and usually begun at a great Distance from the Point in Debate.

His

His Design seem'd to be to shew himself to be of a deep and comprehensive Understanding : But the Hearers soon grew weary of his tedious Harangues.

If he could have learnt to be honest, Sincere and Humble, he certainly might have been a very useful Man, but he went off the Stage despised by most that knew him, and lamented by very few.



Truth



Truth and Falshood:

A

T A L E.

Address'd to a very Great Man.

ONCE on a Time, in Sunshine Weather,
Falshood and *Truth* walk'd out together,
The neighbouring Woods and Lawns to view,
As *Opposites* will sometimes do.
Through many a blooming Mead they pass'd,
And at a Brook arriv'd at last.
The purling Stream, the Margin green,
With Flowers bedeck'd (a vernal Scene)
Invited each itinerant Maid
To rest a while beneath the Shade;
Under a spreading Beach they sat,
And pass'd the Time with Female Chat;
Whilst each her Character maintain'd,
One spoke her Thoughts; the *other* feign'd.

At

At length, quoth *Falshood*, Sister *Truth*,
 (For so she call'd her from her Youth)
 What, if to shun yon sultry Beam,
 We bathe in this delightful Stream;
 The Bottom smooth, the Water clear,
 And there's no prying Shepherd near; —————
 With all my Heart, the Nymph reply'd,
 And threw her snowy Robes aside;
 Stript herself naked to the Skin,
 And with a spring leapt headlong in.
Falshood more leasurely undress'd,
 And laying by her tawdry Vest,
 Trink'd herself out in *Truth's* Array,
 And cross the Meadows trip'd away.

From this curst Hour, the *fraudful Dame*,
 Of sacred *Truth* usurps the Name,
 And with a vile perfidious Mind,
 Roams far and near to cheat Mankind;
 False Sighs suborns, and artful Tears,
 And starts with vain, pretended Fears;
 At *Court*, appears excremely wise,
 And rolls, at *Church*, her Saint-like Eyes;
 Talks in the *City* much of *Trade*,
 And Seizures on the *Spaniards* made;
 Sometimes in pompous, fustian Rhimes,
 Extolls our blest *Saturnian* Times;

Our *Wealth* and *Power* o'er *Europe's* Fate,
 And *Wisdom* in Affairs of State;
 Or when the Nation quite on Fire is,
 Writes *London Journals* and *Enquiries*:
 But most affects, in——
 To State *Accounts*, and *Represent*,
 To prove that *Two* and *Two* make *Seven*,
 That *White* is *Black*, and *Odds* are *Even*;
 Pleads, as Time serves, for *Peace* or *War*,
 And makes a Jest of *Gibraltar*,
 Speaks *pro* and *con*, like honest T——,
 And always sticks to what is wrong.

Mean while poor *Truth*, in this Distress,
 Robb'd of her old, engaging Dress,
 Became, unhappy Maid! the Sport
 Of Country, City, Camp and Court,
 And, scorning, from her Cause to wince,
 Hath gone stark naked ever since.



T H E

Place of the Damn'd.

ALL Folks who pretend to *Religion* and *Grace*,
Allow there's a *HELL*, but dispute of the
Place;

But if *HELL* by Logical Rules be defin'd,
The Place of the Damn'd—I'll tell you my Mind.

Wherever the Damn'd do chiefly abound,
Most certainly there's the *HELL* to be found:
Damn'd *Poets*, damn'd *Criticks*, damn'd *Block-Heads*,
damn'd *Knaves*,

Damn'd *Senators* brib'd, damn'd prostitute *Slaves*;
Damn'd *Lawyers* and *Judges*, damn'd *Lords* and damn'd
'*Squires*,

Damn'd *Spies* and *Informers*, damn'd *Friends*, and
damn'd *Lyars*;

Damn'd *Villians* corrupted in every Station,
Damn'd *Time-serving Priests* all over the Nation;

And

And into the Bargain I'll readily give you,
 Damn'd ignorant *Prelates*, and *Counsellors Priory*.
 Then let us no longer by *Parsons* be flam'd,
 For we know by these *Marks*, the Place of the Damn'd;
 And *HELL* to be sure, is at *Paris* or *Rome*,
 How happy for *Us*, that it is not at *Home*.



T H E



THE
Three TRAVELLERS.

A
T A L E.

A Good Repute, a virtuous Name,
Philosophers set forth,
As the unerring Path to Fame,
(If Fame consists in Worth.)

This Character so rarely found
Sets Merit full in view ;

A moral *Glory*, smiles all round.
Whate'er the Virtuóus do:

That precious Ointment, gently shed,
O're mental Ills prevails;
And where the fragrant Medicines spread,
It animates and heals:

Yet hard it is to use it right,
Tho' beautiful to view,

It shines distinguishingly bright,
 How transitory too!

Like Glass it glitters, soon 'tis crackt,
 Irreparably frail;
 All Moralists allow the Fact,
 So I apply the Tale,

When Things inanimate cou'd speak,
 FIRE once agreed with WATER,
 A Friendly Jant one Day to take,
 But where, 'tis no great matter.

It happen'd that the Day before
 Each left his different Station,
 They chose a third worth twenty more,
 And this was——REPUTATION.

The three Companions now reflect,
 if chance shou'd once divide 'em;
 How each his Letters might direct,
 Or who wou'd surest guide 'em

Says WATER, Friends, you'll hear my Name,
 Tho' lost upon a mountain;
 Enquire at any murm'ring Stream,
 Or seek me in a Fountain:

Where Marshes stagnate, Bogs extend,
 Green Reeds and Turfy Sods

Direct a Path to meet your Friend,

A Path the Bull - rush nods,

From deep Cascades sometimes I pour,

Thro' Meadows gently glide ;

I drop a Dew, descend a Shower,

Or thunder in a Tide.

Your restless Make quoth FIRE, I know,

Just like your Parent Ocean,

I love to rove as well as you,

My Life consists in motion,

But shou'd I stray, you'll find me soon

In Matches, Flints and Tapers;

And, tho' my Temper's brisk and boon,

I'm often in the *Vapours*.

From Smoak sure Tidings you may get,

It can't subsist without me,

Or find me like some fond *Coquett*

With fifty *Sparks* about me.

With Poets all my Marks you see,

(Since *Flash* and *Smoak* reveal me)

Suspect me always near *Nat Lee*,

And *Blackmore* can't conceal me.

In *Milton's* Page I glow by Art,

One Flame intense and even:

In *Shakespear* Blaze a sudden Start
Like Light'ning drop'd from Heaven:

With many more; as well as they
Thro' various Forms I shift,
I'm gently lambent while I'm GAY;
But brightest when I'm SWIFT,

The best of Slaves I'm call'd by Men
When bound in proper Durance,
But if I once do Mischief——then
I'm heard of at TH' INSURANCE

Thro' Nature's Works I take my Flight,
And kindle while I run,
Up from the Tinder-box I light,
The Chariot of the Sun.

Alas! poor *REPUTATION* cry'd,
How happy in each other:
Such num'rous Marks must surely guide
Each Straggler to his Brother.

'Tis I alone must be undone,
Such Ills have Fate design'd me:
If I be LOST——'tis ten to one
You never more will find me.

